

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

No. 20.

VOL. VI.]

New-York....Saturday, March 12....1808.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE CRIMINAL.

IN THE whole history of man, there is no chapter more instructive for the heart and mind than the annals of his deviations. By every great crime, a power proportionally great has been exerted. When the secret operation of our desire conceals itself by the fainter light of common affections, in the state of violent passion it becomes more rampant, more gigantic, and more visible; the more penetrating observer of mankind, who knows best what dependence we ought to place on the mechanism of the common free will, and how far we are entitled to draw analogous conclusions, will transplant from this province into his pneumatology many facts, and them useful for moral life.

The human heart is something so very uniform, and, at the same time, so very complex, that one and the same ability, or desire, can operate in a thousand different forms and directions; can effect a thousand inconsistent phenomena; and can appear differently combined in a thousand characters; while, on the other hand, a thou-

sand dissimilar characters and actions may be deduced from the same disposition even when the person of whom we speak has not the least idea that such an affinity exists. Should there a Linneus arise from the human race, as for the other realms of nature, who classified according to instincts and dispositions, how much should we be surprised to see many a one, whose vices are confined to the small sphere of common life, and circumscribed by the narrow limits of the laws, ranked in the same order with the monster Borgia.

If we consider the matter in this point of view, many objections may be made against the common method of treating history; and here also, I suppose, lies the difficulty, why the study of it has hitherto proved so little beneficial to common life. Betwixt the violent emotions in the mind of the acting person, and the calm composure of the reader, to whom this action is recounted, there exists a disagreeable contrast, there lies such an immensity of distance, that it is difficult for the latter, nay, almost impossible for him, to form even an idea of a connexion. There remains a chasm betwixt the historical subject and the reader, which cuts off every possibility of

a comparison or application ; and instead of exciting that salutary terror, which warns proud health, it produces only astonishment, expressed by a shake of the head. We look upon the unfortunate person (who, in the hour that he committed the action, equally as in that which he suffers for it, was a human being like ourselves,) as a creature of a different species, whose blood circulates otherwise than ours, and whose will is subject to other laws ; his fate affects us but little, for sympathy is only founded on a remote consciousness of similar danger, and we are far from even dreaming of such a similarity. The lesson, therefore, is lost with the application, and history, instead of proving a school to enlighten us, must rest content with the pitiful merit of satisfying our curiosity. If she is to interest us more, if she is to attain her great aim, she must of necessity choose one of these two methods. The reader must either become warm as the hero, or the hero must be cold as the reader.

I know, that many of the best historians, both modern and ancient, have embraced the first method, and have engaged the hearts of their readers by an eloquent style. But this manner is an usurpation of the writer, and encroaches on the republican liberty of the reading world, who are entitled to judge for themselves ; it is, at the same time, an infringement of those laws that limit the science,

for this method is peculiarly and exclusively assigned to the orator and the poet. For the historian, the latter only remains.

The hero must be cold as the reader, or, what is here equally the same, we must be acquainted with him before he acts ; we must see him not only achieve his actions, but see him wish to achieve it. His thoughts are much more important to us than his actions, and the springs of his thoughts still more so than the consequences of those actions. The soil of Vesuvius hath been investigated, in order to ascertain the origin of its conflagration ; and why do we bestow less of our attention on a moral than on a physical phenomenon ? Why do we not pay the same degree of regard to the nature and situation of affairs which environed such a person, till the collected tinder caught fire in his soul ? The strange and marvellous in such a phenomenon charms the dreamer, who delights in the wonderful. The friend of truth seeks for a mother to these lost children. He seeks her in the unalienable structure of the human soul, and in the unalterable conditions which externally determine it ; and, in these two he is sure to find her. He is then no longer surprised to see the poisonous hemlock spring up in those very beds, where the most salutary herbs usually flourish in profusion ; or, to find wisdom and folly, vice and virtue, in the same cradle together.

Were I even to set no value on any of the advantages which pneumatology derives from such a method of treating history, it merits, however, a preference on this account alone, that it eradicates the cruel scorn and proud security with which unproved standing virtue generally looks down on the fallen, as it diffuses the meek spirit of toleration, without which, no fugitive can return, no reconciliation of the law can take place, and no infected member of society can be rescued from the general contagion.

If the criminal, of whom I shall presently speak, was still entitled to appeal to that spirit of toleration, if he was really lost to the state, beyond a possibility of recovery, I shall leave to the judgment of the reader. Our mercy can now be of no avail, for he died by the hand of the executioner; but the dissection of his vices may prove a lesson to humanity, perhaps, also to justice.

Christian Wolf was the son of an inn-keeper, in a country town of ***** (the name of which, from reasons, which will appear evident in the sequel, we must conceal;) he assisted his mother to carry on the business till his twentieth year, for his father was dead. The house was little frequented, and Wolf had many idle hours. From the time he had been at school he had been known as a wild youth. Grown up girl's com-

plained frequently of his assurance, and the boys of the town paid homage to his inventive abilities. Nature had neglected his person. A little unseemly figure, frizzled hair of a disagreeable black color, a flat nose, and a swollen upper lip, which was besides distorted by a kick of a horse, rendered his appearance so extremely repulsive, that it frightened all the women from him, and afforded an inexhaustible fund of merriment to his comrades.

He wished to obtain that by defiance, which was refused him by nature; because he displeased, he resolved at pleasing. He was sensual, and persuaded himself that he was in love. The girl he chose treated him ill; he had reason to fear that his rival was happier, but the girl was poor. A heart that was shut to the professions of love might open to his presents; but he himself was oppressed with want, and the vain attempt to render his external agreeable, consumed the little he gained by a bad business. Too easy and too ignorant to remedy his ruined economy by speculation; too proud and too effeminate to change the state of the gentleman, in which he lived, with that of the peasant; and to renounce his boasted liberty, he only saw one resource left him, which thousands before and after him have taken with better success, the resource to steal in an honest manner. His native town lay on the borders of one of the prince's fo-

rests. He became deer-stealer, and the produce of his depredations passed faithfully into the hands of his mistress.

Amongst the lovers of Hannah, was Robert, a huntsman to the forester, who soon observing the advantage which the liberality of his rival had gained over him, sought after the cause of this change with an evil eye. He went oftener to the Sun, for this was the sign of the inn; his watchful eye, sharpened by jealousy and envy, soon discovered whence this money flowed. Not long before that period a severe edict had been revived against the deer-stealers, which condemned the transgressors to Bridewell. Robert was indefatigable in watching all the secret steps of his enemy, and, at last succeeded in detecting the imprudent inn-keeper in the fact. Wolf was imprisoned, and it was with great difficulty, and not without the sacrifice of all his little property, that he obtained a commutation of his punishment.

Robert triumphed. His rival was beaten off the field, and Hannah's favour lost for the beggar. Wolf knew his enemy, and this enemy was the happy possessor of his Johanna. A galling sense of his own want, joined to injured pride, poverty and jealousy combined, break in upon his sensibility, hunger drives him on the wide world, revenge and passion rivet him to the spot. He again became a deer-stealer; but Robert's re-

doubled vigilance entraps him a second time. Now he experiences the full severity of the law, for he has nothing more to give; and in a few weeks, he is delivered over to the bridewell of the capital.

The year of punishment is endured, his passion had grown by absence, and his obstinacy had risen under the pressure of misfortune. Scarce had he obtained his liberty, when he hastened to his native place to show himself to his Johanna. He appears, but is avoided. Pressing want, at last, humbled his pride, and got the better of his effeminacy. He offers himself as a day labourer to the rich of the place; the husbandman looks with contempt on the weak effeminate wretch; the muscular appearance of his sturdy rival bears off the preference by this unfeeling patron. He makes a last attempt. A place is still vacant; the last lost appointment of an honest name—he applies to be made town's herdsman, but the peasant will not trust his swine to a profligate. In all his plans disappointed, every where repulsed, he became, for the third time, deer-stealer, and, for the third time, was unlucky enough to fall into the hands of his vigilant enemy.

This second relapse aggravated his guilt. The judges looked into the book of laws, but none of them read the state of mind of the accused. The edict against the deer-stealers required a solemn and striking example; and Wolf was

condemned, with the sign of the gallows burnt on his back, to work three years in the fortress.

This period also elapsed, and he went from the fortress ; but quite a different creature from what he was when he came there. This forms the commencement of a new epoch in his life ; but let us hear his own words, as he afterwards made a confession to the clergyman who attended him, and to the courts of justice :—

“ I entered the fortress,” said he, “ as a strayed sheep, and left it as a finished villain. I had still something in the world that was dear to me, and my pride revolted at ignominy. As I was brought to the fortress, I was confined to the same apartment with three and twenty prisoners, amongst whom were two murderers, the rest were all noted thieves and vagabonds. They made a game of me when I talked of God : they urged me on to utter the most dreadful imprecations against our blessed Saviour, they sung obscene songs, which I, a professed libertine, could not hear without disgust and horror ; but what shocked my modesty most was, what I saw them practise. No day passed without the repetition of some scandalous scene of their lives, without the contrivance of some wicked scheme. At first I fled from these wicked miscreants, and avoided, as much as possible, their intercourse ; but I needed some creature to sympa-

thize with me, and the barbarity of my keepers had even refused me my dog. The labour was hard and tyrannical ; my constitution was sickly ; I required help ; and, if I must candidly confess it, I required compassion. So I habituated myself to the most detestable ideas, and in the last three months I became a greater proficient than my teacher.

“ From this moment I thirsted for my liberty, as I thirsted for revenge. All mankind had injured me, for every one was better and happier than I. I looked upon myself as a martyr to the rights of man, and a sacrifice to the laws. Gnashing my teeth, I impatiently bit my chains when the sun set on the hill of my prison ; an extensive prospect is a double hell for one that is confined. The fresh draught of wind that whistled thro’ the air holes of my tower, and the swallow, that harboured on the iron bar of my grated crevice, seemed to mock me with their liberty, and made my confinement appear the more horrid. It was then I swore an irreconcilable extinguishable hatred to all that bore the resemblance of man, and what I swore I have faithfully kept.

(To be continued.)

HE who cannot forgive a trespass of malice to his enemy, has never yet tasted the most sublime enjoyment of love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE ;

OR,

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF BEAUTY.

(Continued from page 296.)

I SHOULD never have done, were I to record the numberless whimsical customs which we every where meet with. Some nations draw the two teeth in the middle of the jaw. The females among the Juggas in Africa, go still farther, and one of the charms they are most solicitous to acquire, is to have four teeth deficient, two above and two below, which is infinitely more regular ; the woman who should want the courage to have them drawn, would be as much despised as in China a young girl with feet of the natural size. Among the Siamese, the beauty of the teeth consists in their blackness, and they are stained with a varnish, which is annually renewed. The natives of Massacar paint them different colours, which is much more lively.

If we pass to the skin, how many different fashions does not that assume among different nations ! Some anoint it with oil or grease, as the Californians ; and this, perhaps, is not a bad practice ; others stain it with rocou, as the Caribbees ;—these paint it, as the women of Greenland, who streak their faces with white and yellow ; those of France, who have so long

plastered theirs with white and rouge ; the Zemblians, who have blue stripes on the forehead and on the chin ; the Japanese who stain their lips and eye-lids blue ; the women of Decan, who paint the hands and feet yellow and red ; the Arabs, who dye their nails red, their eye-brows, and the edges of their eye-lids black ;—those engrave ornaments upon it, as the negroes of Gore, who, with a sharp flint, make figures of flowers and animals on their bodies ; the Mogul women, who trace flowers upon their skin, and colour them with the juice of roots. In other places they practise tattooing, or pricking the skin, and making the punctures black by means of a liquid which is introduced into them. This custom has been found to prevail among the women of Tripoli and of Arabia, and among the natives of the island of Otaheite.

Nor are different nations more unanimous relative to beauty in stature. The Turks and the Germans are fond of *embonpoint* in women ; the Chinese prefer meagre ones. Some people prefer a short stature, and the Tripolitans think it impossible to be beautiful without being tall. But what is still more surprizing, we have seen women of a perfectly civilized country alternately affecting a stature excessively short, and a stature excessively tall, which proves their ignorance of what constitutes beauty in that particular : and, what will appear still more singular,

most of the men thought both these fashions charming:—so false is the assertion that beauty is always the same, and that it depends neither on fashion nor on prejudice !

The rapid sketch which I have here submitted to my fair readers, is certainly diversified, and must demonstrate that the natives of the different regions of the globe, are far from being unanimous with respect to the nature of beauty.

But, I hear some of you object—these tales, most of which are so absurd, are owing only to the rudeness of certain savage nations. Answer me these questions : Does a greater proportion of harmony prevail among polished and civilized nations ? Are the Chinese barbarians ? Were the Greeks, so celebrated for the delicacy of their taste, for the perfection of their works, for their excellence in the fine arts—were the Greeks barbarians ? Will you treat the Romans, that sovereign people, as barbarians ? Nevertheless, the Greeks and Romans entertained very different sentiments with regard to beauty.

The Romans liked eye-brows that met, and a little forehead ; the Greeks were fond of eye-brows wide asunder from each other, and a well proportioned forehead. The Romans preferred eyes of a moderate size, the Greeks wished to have them large. Accordingly, Homer, when he speaks of Juno, calls her *Ox eyed Juno*, in order to

characterize her majestic beauty. Examine the busts and the models of the Greeks ; compare them with the busts and models of the Romans, and you will immediately perceive this difference of taste.

Not only nations differ from each other, but the individuals of one, and the same people differ in their taste for beautiful objects. What diversity of opinions, especially with regard to the beauty of women, which, at the present moment, forms the principal subject of our reflections ! How many different causes influence our judgment ? Are we prepossessed in favour of a woman, we think her charming, and our imagination, ever in harmony with our self-love, discovers a thousand perfections in the beloved object. This has been admirably expressed by an old French writer, Etienne Pasquier. “ To attempt,” says he, “ to specify, as some pretend to do, whether the excellence of the eye consists in green or black, whether a person of great or small stature is the most estimable, is a real mistake occasioned by the affection we bear to the one or the other ; and because we prefer them, we wish every body else to conform to our opinion. And to tell the truth, after long reflection on this subject, I protest that I was at last much puzzled to judge and discern whether beauty is the motive of love, or whether love causes objects to appear beautiful. And after turning it a long time in my mind, I

am obliged to acknowledge, that love is the only medium of making one object appear more beautiful than another."

For the Lady's Miscellany.

DISSERTATION ON CHAPEAUX
BRAS.

CHAPEAUX BRAS, I need not say, are much in fashion at the present day.—A short description of this notable covering for the head may preserve it from oblivion; for as fashions are variable, but good writing likely to be long read, I may expect my productions will be perused, when otherwise only an obscure tradition of it might remain, mingled perhaps with much falsehood. The Chapeaux de Bras measures in common three feet in the broadest part of it, and in its height varies from twelve to eighteen inches. It folds in the crown, and may so be made to occupy much less space than when extended. It may be carried under the arm, or held between the knees. In cases of short stature, (alarmingly frequent among the present race) it can be placed on the bottom of a chair, by which means the seat is raised from one to two inches. My friend *Dipwater* hath just given me an account of a little gentleman who made his appearance at the last assembly, with a Chapeau of very unreasonable dimensions. He informs me it was

three feet and a half, by nineteen inches, according to a mensuration undoubtedly very moderate. I enquired of him whether he might not have been under an optical illusion, which the nocturnal glare added to the structure of our public buildings often favour. I found I had touched Dip on a tender point, for with some agitation he protested that, touching the concerns of fashion, his authority had heretofore never been questioned. Dipwater solemnly declares the aforesaid person entered the room under this mammoth beaver—strutted up and down with unspeakable importance, and looked sharply in the men's faces as he went along, intimating that if they were not satisfied with his hat, he was ready to furnish any gentleman with the number of his house, and all necessary directions for finding him. Hanniballio then placed himself in a conspicuous situation, without seeming to be in the least intimidated. Meanwhile, Dip took a tour among the wags, to hear what witty things might be said. At a distance from him he observed one in severe thought, his forehead drawn into deep wrinkles, and his eyes fixed on the ceiling. As he passed by, he heard him protest Hanniballio was a huge little novelty, and then laugh with great vociferation. A second called him a preternatural beaux, whilst a third styled him a monstrous production of nature, after a fashionable way. My friend was then drawn to a circle which had collected around a

fire, in the centre of which two disputants were engaged in a debate about proportion. The one contended that proportion was positively beautiful. "Are not (said he) the bases of pillars in every public building proportioned to their height? I appeal to all writers on architecture, if proportion is not necessary in that science."

The other was willing to admit that proportion was necessary in architecture, but would have it that "man was not always a proportioned animal, and as my opponent has called in learning to his assistance, I appeal to the wisest anatomists if this be not a thing settled between them. If so, may we not infer that the clothes of an unproportioned animal, if in all cases of the same magnitude cannot always be in proportion?" The club was dispersed by the manager's calling upon the gentlemen to take their partners. Dipwater, who received great amusement from the argument, thought of challenging the manager, who broke it off, but after much reflection, finally concluded it unnecessary.

Mrs. Tabitha Teazle hath often declared in my hearing, that before the war, three-square hats were worn only by the military, and three other persons, of whom the Bishop was one—but now, saith she, (with some indignation) they have become most notoriously common, not only universal at assemblies, but prostituted even at private parties, and common tea-

drinkings. This hath put me upon a deep train of thinking, and I believe I have made an important discovery, which I shall submit to the consideration of all candid metaphysicians. It is known that bravery hath been much admired among all nations, and that the Romans expressed it by the word *virtus*, so exalted and comprehensive an excellence did they hold it. Now those who have penetrated deeply into human nature, have not only remarked that it is admired by all men, but also that it appears most lovely in the eyes of those who are themselves most defenceless. Are not the ladies the most defenceless part of the species. Does not a man raise himself among the fair, in proportion to the number of Duels he has fought! Whence arises the adoration of British officers? How can a man give himself greater formidability of appearance, than by wearing a *Chapeau de Bras*?

TIM. FOLIO.

New-York, March 7—1808.

ON DEATH.

IN one of the volumes of the posthumous works of M. de Florian, a short account of his life is prefixed, and this contains part of a sermon of his composition. He was at that time one of the pages of the Duke de Penthièvre, and not yet fifteen years of age. The curate of St. Eustache was conversing with the Duke about ser-

mons, and young De Florian joining the conversation, maintained that a sermon was not a matter of difficulty in composition, and that he thought himself capable of writing one if it were required.

The Prince took him at his word, and offered to bet fifty Louis d'Ors that he did not succeed. The curate was to be umpire. De Florian set himself to work, and in a few days produced the fruits of his labour. What was the surprise of the Duke and the curate when they heard the young lad recite a sermon on Death, which might have stood the test of the press! The Prince acknowledged he had lost his wager, and directly paid the money, saying, he had great pleasure in losing it. The curate carried off the sermon, and preached it in his parish church. Here follows all that has been found of this performance among his manuscripts; if the age and situation of the writer be considered, they are precious memorials of his talents. He died in 1795, not having attained the age of forty.

"Death is every where; it is in the titles that the ambitious man seeks to obtain, it is in the treasures which the miser hoards, it is in the pleasures the voluptuous man thinks he enjoys; death is the basis and end of every thing. Follow me in the world, contemplate with me all the world holds dear, and behold death every where.

That grandee of the earth, who,

proud of his high birth, of his dignities, believes himself kneaded of more noble clay than I am; that grandee, to whom we pay the price of what his ancestors have done, and who dares to look on our homage as a tribute he imposed on us at his birth, that grandee owes every thing to death; he is its work, he holds from it alone all which constitutes his false glory. Let him produce the titles which elevate him above his equals; every one of those titles is a gift of death. His nobility! this is founded on a heap of corpses; the more the heap increases, the more illustrious it becomes; a load of dust is the throne of that nobility of which he is so proud, and shortly he will himself become a step of that funeral throne. His dignities! to whom does he owe them? to death, which has carried off those who deserved and acquired them; death has reaped the man, the title remains, and this ambitious noble holds it from death.

"That miser who has spent his life in diminishing his wants, who has forgotten that God had only given him riches to relieve the poor, that miser at last has arrived at the pitch of smothering the voice of nature. The unfeeling habit of repulsing the unfortunate, has rendered him deaf to their complaints; he hears not the cries of the wretch who begs a bit of bread, that he may live another day; he sees not those starving children who struggle for the scan-

ty morsels moistened with the sweat of the brows of their father ; he heeds not that young girl who, pursued by misery and vice, begs his succour to preserve her innocence ; nothing moves him, nothing affects him, his ferocious heart is incapable of relenting. He carries to his hoard that treasure which he fancies was attempted to be extorted from him, and deposits it there, applauding his own barbarity : he does not even feel any remorse. Suffering humanity cries not for him ; but death alone has not lost its rights, it lies in wait in the place where he has hidden his riches. The barbarian is affected whilst counting his gold, the mere idea that he must one day, in spite of himself, leave it to greedy heirs, poisons all the pleasures he takes in accumulating ; he views, with sighs, the vile metal which forms the destiny of his life ; a few tears, for the first time, roll down his cheeks. As death only performs this miracle, so only death can make itself heard ; death is placed in the midst of his treasures, and from thence cries to him,—remember thou art, but dust !”

.....

HEALTH is absolutely necessary to all earthly enjoyments. ‘O blessed health !’ says Sterne, “ thou art above all gold and treasure ; he that has thee, has little more to wish for ! and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants every thing with thee.”

From the Monthly Mirror.

THE LETTERS V. W. & H.

MR. EDITOR,

I BEG leave, through the channel of your miscellany, to offer a few remarks on a vitiated pronunciation, so prevalent in the metropolis, as to have acquired the name of “ the cocknified dialect.”

The letters V. W. and H. are the principal stumbling-blocks in the road of conversation. V. and W. are generally transposed, and poor H. is often rejected and adopted with equal capriciousness and impropriety. A friend of mine, lately, in a mixed company, had nearly involved himself in some trouble, in consequence of introducing the letter last mentioned, where it had no business. It is happily expressed in the following epigram :

“ A cockney once, whose thoughts were
well arrang’d,
Although most commonly his lan-
guage falter’d,
Meaning to say he wish’d Pitt’s party
chang’d,
Express’d his hope that they would
soon be halter’d.”

Another instance I recollect to have heard lately at a private theatre, where the English language is often *cut up* by butchers, *mangled* by laundry maids, *botched and twisted* by taylor’s, *massacred* by young soldiers, *played upon* by fiddlers, *perverted, misconstrued, and per-*

secuted by attorney's clerks, and completely *dished* by pastry cooks.

A young gentleman was soliciting permission to lead his *dulcinea* to the altar of Hymen ; but, by placing this unlucky H. where it ought not to be, begged to lead her to the *halter* of Hymen.

At a tea-table, the other evening a youthful lady, who had never travelled ten miles from St. Paul's, absolutely made use of the following words, in the course of her conversation. " Pray, Mem, do you know Miss C. ? — ' No, Mem. ' " She is a monstrous proud girl ; though, between you and I, Mem, she has more reasons than somebody you and I know, for she has *very* fine *heyes*, and pretty *hears*, delicate *harms*, and I do *werily* believe, at least young Mr. T. says so, that she possesses a *very* tender *art*."

The clergy, who ought to set an example of propriety in speaking, are often as wretchedly incorrect and careless as some of the most illiterate among their congregation.

I once heard one of those gentlemen say, "*Oly, oly*, Lord God of Sabbaoth," &c. and the clerk, either from imitation, or similar ignorance, replied, "*caven* and *hearth* are full of the majesty of thy glory."

Hell loses its harshness by these clippers of the English language, by being curtailed into *ell*, an instance of which I recollect to have

heard in the concluding part of a cocknified clergyman's sermon. — " The grave," said he, " shall yawn for your *henervated* bodies, and *ell* wide open its jaws for your *miserhable* souls.

I conceive our bishops ought to preclude such from the important office of clergymen, as similar negligences and absurdities tend to lessen the importance of the religious doctrines with the ignorant.

I am, Sir, &c.

I. B.

THE MIRTH OF MELANCHOLY.

THE amiable and admirable Cowper, in one of his letters, lately published, says, " In general you may suppose that I am remarkably sad, when I seem remarkable merry. The effort we make to get rid of a load is usually violent, in proportion to the weight of it. I have seen, at Sadler's Wells, a tight little fellow dancing with a fat man upon his shoulders ; to those who looked at him, he seemed *insensible* of the *incumbrance* ; but if a physician had felt his pulse when the feat was over, I suppose he would have found the effect of it there. Perhaps you remember the undertakers' dance in the rehearsal, which they perform in crape hat-bands, and black cloaks, to the tune of ' hob or nob,' one of the sprightliest airs in the world. Such is my fiddling, such is my dancing." Perhaps there is not

one in a thousand who can comprehend the truth and nature of these words. But those who have suffered much, know how to appreciate the value of this agonizing picture. I cannot express the gloomy transport with which I gaze upon it from Cowper's revered hand!—They who can enter into the *spirit* of such expressions, cannot fail to be pleased to perceive their minds bright enough to reflect sensations flashed upon them from the mind of Cowper.—Often have I had occasion to acknowledge the truth of Richardson's observation, that *deep concern* in some constitutions, produces *levity* in the *outward behaviour*. Such a man struggles and struggles, and tries to buffet down cruel reflections as they rise; and when he cannot, he is forced to try to make himself laugh, that he may not cry. And is it not philosophy carried to the utmost height, for a man to conquer the tumults of soul he is agitated by, and, in the very violence of the storm, be able to quaver out an horse-laugh?

.....

The following story in Pausanias, is as romantic in its circumstances, and if worked up in the pastoral style of the writers of later days, might make as interesting an Arcadian drama, as the *Aminta* of Tasso, or the *Pastora Fido* of Guarini.

Among the priests of Bacchus, while the city of Calydon yet stood, was one named Corcesus who loved

the beautiful virgin Callirhoe with the most ardent passion. He long wooed her with unremitting perseverance; he employed every art of persuasion, he exhausted every effort of fancy, to win her heart; but the more violent his attachment grew, the more averse was she to listen to his prayers; and the more earnest the solicitations he used, the more cruel and determined was her repulse. In vain did he pursue her day and night like a shadow. In vain did he renew every art that had failed him before. His prayers, his tears, his pursuit, all were in vain. At length he poured out his soul in prayer to the deity whom he served, to turn the heart of his cruel tyrant, to make her at length feel the force of his passion, and see the barbarity of her own neglect. The god heard him, and to grant the request of his beloved servant, did all that Bacchus could do. The people of Calydon were suddenly seized with an epidemic phrenzy which raged among them, and resembled in its effects the most violent paroxysms of drunkenness. Numbers perished daily in raving-fits. No cure could be found for the disease, which increased continually, both in violence and extent. In this extremity, such among the citizens as yet retained the use of their reasons, consulted the oracle, by means of their holy doves, which they kept in their temple, and which were the constant messengers between them and the divinity. The winged ambassadors began their journey thro'

the air, nor rested till they perched on the tall oaks of Dodona. They delivered faithfully the object of their mission, and soon returned to Calydon with the answer of Jove, which required that a noble virgin should be sacrificed to appease the offended deities. The loveliest maids of the city were assembled in the temple, and the fatal lot fell on the loveliest of them all, the cruel Callirhoe. The appointed day arrived. The devoted victim was led before the altar of Bacchus. As yet it was unknown to all but those in whose presence the lots had been cast, who was the unhappy virgin destined to propitiate the offended Heavens. It fell to the lot of Coroesus to immolate the victim; but when he approached the altar, a sudden trembling seized on all his frame; he hastily tore off the white veil which yet concealed the face of his Callirhoe. But the die was cast, and what had been done was now irrevocable. He lifted the fatal knife to strike, but found it impossible to execute his purpose. At length with one desperate effort he plunged it, not into the bosom of his Callirhoe, but his own, and died instantly at the feet of her he loved. His tragical end produced the effect which all the exertions of his life had failed to accomplish. The heart of the virgin was turned, and the object of the god being accomplished, his anger ceased. But Callirhoe did not long survive her unhappy lover; she fell into a deep melancholy for his death, and thence in-

to madness, and soon afterwards drowned herself in a neighbouring spring, which received its name from her.

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE FAREWELL,

Written by our fair correspondent, when about to leave her native country for the United States.

FAREWELL my native land; and oh !
farewell

Ye sweet delightful scenes that England
boasts ;

I now, tho' not insensate to your charms,
Must quit them all and seek a foreign
shore.

Adieu, ye lovely songsters ! that now
fill

With melody enchanting, every bush ;
The blackbird, linnet, and the lark so
gay,

In sweet millifluous notes, their voices
raise,

Each only striving to outvie.—

Sweet innocents ! that with the rosy
morn

Awake, renew your songs ; that with a
joy,

A rapturous joy, inspires each tender
heart.

Can I without regret, without a tear,
Leave such inchanting melody as yours ?

But, oh ! ye groves, ye hills, ye woods
ye streams !

Long shall your beauties animate my
heart :

Yes, long your sweets shall memory re-
tain.

Oft when I walk to amuse the lonely
hour,

My fancy'll to me picture all those scenes
I wont to visit when on Britain's isle :

Remembrance then will cause the tear
to flow,
When in my fancy I behold each spot,
Each favourite spot I formerly admir'd.

But what are these?—mean trifles,
when compared
With leaving friends, friends much es-
teem'd, behind :
Whene'er I think on that, it casts a
damp—
A cheerless damp throughout my frame
I feel.

Yes, Mary, when I think I never more
Must see that form, where every virtue
dwells ;

Where wisdom all her pleasing charms
displays,
And where the muses fix their sweet
abode ;

I then regret that I so soon must go,
And leave so dear a friend as thee be-
hind.

But now regret is vain : the Fates de-
cree

that I must go, and brave th' Atlantic
deep ;

And then, if Neptune send a prosperous
gale,

And waft me safe unto Columbia's
shore,

Seek new companions to supply the
place

Of those I leave on Albion's happy isle.

But, oh, my friend ! may health with
every joy

Attend thy steps—may sweet content,
The greatest gift that heaven can be-
stow—

Pre-eminent in thy warm bosom dwell !
And when that time arrives when Hy-
men's fires

Shall warm thy gentle breast with love
sincere,

May each revolving year fresh pleasure
bring !

Thus smoothly may thy youthful days
pass on !

And when the evening of thy life appears
Serenely sweet may recollection prove !
Yes, unembitter'd by the pangs those
feel

Who have their days in vice and folly
spent.

These, Mary, are the wishes of my
heart ;

But still, 'midst all your joys, I hope to
hold

The place of friendship in your gentle
breast :

And rest assured, 'twill ever be return'd
By me with equal warmth.

And so farewell !

JANE C^YK^YG.

MARRIED,

*At Philadelphia, by the rev. Mr.
White, Mr. John Kingsland, to Miss
Mary-Ann Keen.*

*At Brooklyn, by the rev. Mr.
Bishop, Mr. Cornelius Duryee, to
Miss Nancy Shinn.*

.....
..... all that live must die,
Passing thro' nature to eternity.

DIED,

*On Tuesday morning in the 33d
year of his age, Mr. John Griffin.*

*On his passage from Alicant, of
the small port, Isachar Ober, master
of the brig William, of Salem.*

TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per-
annum.....payable one in advance.

Those who reside out of the city to
pay one year's advance at the time of
subscribing.

POETRY.

ALICE FELL.

THE Post-boy drove with fierce career,
When threat'ning clouds the moon
had drown'd.

When suddenly I seem'd to hear
A moan, a lamentable sound.

As if the wind blew many ways
I heard the sound, and more and more,
It seem'd to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy call'd out,
He stopp'd his horses at the word;
But neither voice, nor cry, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it could be heard.

The boy then smack'd his whip, and fast
The horses scamper'd thro' the rain;
And soon I heard upon the blast
The voice, and bade him halt again.

Said I, alighting on the ground,
'What can it be, this piteous moan?'
And there a little girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise alone.

"My cloak!" the word was last and
first,
And loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her very heart would burst;
And down from off the chaise she
leapt.

"What ails you child?" she sobb'd "look
here!"
I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any scare-crow dangled.

'Twas twisted betwixt knave and spoke:
Her help she lent, and with good heed
Together we releas'd the cloak;
A wretched, wretched rag indeed!

"And whether are you going, child,
To night along these lonesome ways?"
"To Durham," answer'd she, half wild,
"Then come with me into the chaise."

She sat like one past all relief;
Sob after sob she forth did send
In wretchedness, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"
She check'd herself in her distress,
And said my name is Alice Fell;
I'm fatherless and motherless;
And I to Durham, sir, belong.
And then, as if the thot' would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong,
And all was for her tatter'd cloak.

The chaise drove on; our journey's end
Was nigh; and sitting by my side;
As if she'd lost her only friend
She wept nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern door we post;
Of Alice and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host
To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of Daffil grey,
As warm a cloak as man can sell"—
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little Orphan ALICE FELL!

W. Wordsworth.

ELIZA has a breast of snow,
The sweetest voice and brightest eyes;
But it was that little smile
Made my foolish heart her prize!

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH,

No. 299 Broadway.